

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.
A
" FAVORITE BALLAD "
Written by
CHARLES JEFFERYS
Composed with
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS
by
SAMUEL NELSON

ST. LOUIS: Published by BALMER & WEBER.

VOCE

Amoroso

The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No

breath came o'er the sea, When Mary left her highland cot, And wander'd forth with

2

me, Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side And fragrance fill'd the vale, By

far the sweetest flower there Was the Rose of Al. landale, Was the Rose of Al. lan. col voce

dale, the Rose of Al. lan. dale, By far the sweetest flower there, Was the

Rose of Allendale.

2

Where'er I wander'd east or west,
 Though fate began to lour,
 A solace still was she to me,
 In sorrow's lonely hour;
 When tempests lash'd our gallant Bark,
 And rent her shiv'ring sail:
 One Maiden form withstood the storm,
 'Twas the Rose of Allendale.

3

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
 On Afric's burning sand;
 She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
 And tales of distant land;
 My life had been a wilderness,
 Unblest by fortunes gale;
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
 The Rose of Allendale.